

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOLUME II.

CHAP. I.

Drawing.—The pleasure Barclay derives from it.—“Delicious instillations of Love.”—What Mrs. Pawlet suffered.—She complains of the loss of the ancient primitive manners—Reads the parson a lecture.—Homer mangled.—Mrs. Pawlet proud of her erudition, and why.—She follows a common mode of translating.—Charity.—What they did at the parsonage after supper.

AS our friends continued their way, the parson told Barclay, that they had originally no singing in the church, but that, to oblige his sister, he had permitted her to drill a number of the most musical of the peasants for that purpose. “They make sad work of it,” said he, “but, bad as it is, I believe it entices many to come to church who would otherwise stay away; therefore I pass it over as a necessary evil. It would be more bearable” he added, “if my sister would keep them to the simple church-music, but she often quits this for such as the poor fellows can never get through.—Besides, she gives them sometimes so many things to sing, that they are as long again singing as I am preaching. However, it is all meant for the best; and let them do as they like.”

Chatting in this manner, they came to the church, when Penelope observed that Mrs. Pawlet had retired from Olympus much earlier than common. The parson instantly took out his watch, and seeing

that it wanted an hour to dinner-time, was very much surprised at his wife's having left the hill so much sooner than usual;—but hoping that no accident had happened, he proposed that they should wander about the hills, and enjoy the prospects for half an hour before they returned. This was readily agreed to; and amongst other things, the parson pointed out the different views Penelope had taken from that spot. Barclay was warm in his encomiums on them, and especially praised her taste in selection, and the accurateness of her drawing.

“Indeed,” said Penelope, “I have done nothing, having left the most beautiful parts undone. The view now from hence,” continued she, “is the most delightful that can be imagined;—I long to have it; but it is so extensive, and embraces so many objects, that I have no skill or power to accomplish it.”

“You are too diffident,” replied Barclay, “but such will always be the case with true merit. If I thought you would not think it presumption in me to attempt what you unjustly fear you should not be able to perform; I could wish, since you say you desire to have it, to try whether I could execute it; so as not to be entirely unworthy of your acceptance.”

“Can you draw?” exclaimed Penelope, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

“Yes, a little!” replied Barclay.

“Oh! then!” said she, “you have been laughing prettily at me, all the time you have been complimenting my silly works!”

“No, upon my honour,” rejoined Barclay, “they discover taste and genius, which might be brought to great perfection!”

“We have no master about us,” said the parson, “or she should not want instruction. I hope you will lend Pen your assistance!”

“Most willingly,” replied Barclay, “if I am not unworthy!”

During the period they were conversing, our hero had taken paper and pencil out of his pocket, and was delineating the surrounding scene in small, to be afterwards done on a larger scale; and, as he proceeded with great ease, the parson looking over one shoulder, and Penelope over the other, the former could not help exclaiming, “Oh! you are quite a proficient,—you must be my Pen's master!”

“Yes! yes, indeed!” ejaculated Penelope, whose thoughts were wholly taken up with the drawing. Barclay's heart leaped at the word,—he fixed his eyes on her's;—she recollected herself, and blushed.

The parson being free from suspicion, as his heart was free from guile, took no notice of the feelings of the young folks; but kept his thoughts entirely employed on the landscape Barclay was describing.

Our hero never enjoyed more delight,—Penelope was never more happy. She leaned over him while he sat on the hill, and their congenial souls seemed to mingle, and feel but one impulse. From this moment they became more intimate, and enjoyed, in a greater degree, “those calm and delicious instillations of love, which are a foretaste of immortality*.”

The reader may perhaps not enter into the merits of these “delicious instillations of love;” but if he considers the situation of Barclay, occupied by one he loved, in doing that which she hung over him with delight while he performed, and yet cannot conceive the meaning of these words, but still continues to question me about them, I must reply with Rousseau, “Inquire no more! What does it import thee to know what thou canst never feel?”†

* Mr. Fellowes, p. 171.

† On the word *genius*.

In this happy state, touching and retouching the drawing, according to his own skill or Penelope's suggestion, they remained until the parson informed them that they had trespassed considerably beyond their time, having stayed a quarter of an hour beyond their dinner-hour.

"Come, come," said he, "let us hasten home,—Mrs. Pawlet will be displeased."

They descended the hill to the parsonage. At the gate, on inquiring of the maid whether her mistress was come in, they were told, "That she had been home some time, and had been complaining ever since her return; but what accident she had met with, the servant said she could not surmise, as she had not uttered a word of English in all her lamentations."

"Bless me!" ejaculated the parson, "I feared something wrong!—Where, where is she?"

"In the parlour, sir," replied the maid; and instantly the parson and Penelope ran to hear the cause of her complaint. Barclay followed.

They found Mrs. Pawlet sitting in one corner of the room, with a book on her knees. Her mind was in its usual state of abstraction; and it was long before the parson, using every tender expression he could think of, could bring her to give any account of what had happened to her. At length she confessed that she had been robbed.

"Robbed!" exclaimed the parson.

"Yes," said she, "robbed! basely and ignobly robbed!"

"Who could it be?" rejoined the parson, "and what did they rob you of?"

"They merely came for base lucre," said she, "such are the days we live in! How different from the ancient primitive manners!"

Mrs. Pawlet entered into an elaborate account of primitive manners, and to her own satisfaction, clearly proved how much men had degenerated. And getting from the manners of men into their actions, and their size, and quoting Homer on the occasion, she read the parson such a lecture on his diminutiveness, when compared with men of former days, as lasted until tea-time. At tea, however, they obtained from her some further information respecting the robbery. It appeared that some lurking fellows had observed her daily visits to an unfrequented part of the hill, and had resolved to plunder her, which they had effected.

"They took my purse," said she, "but that I cared but little about, for it may easily be replaced; but how shall I recall

the many excellent reflections I had noted in the pocket-book which they carried off; imagining I suppose, that it contained bank-notes, or some such trash."

Barclay's humour was tickled at the mention of the invaluable memorandum-book, but he did not think it proper to let her know that she had left it behind her.

"Goths and Vandals as they are!" she exclaimed, "what was of no use to them, they destroyed my beautiful little pocket Homer, which I had with me, one of them opened, and not being able to comprehend it, he called me an old witch, and tearing it to pieces, strewed all Olympus with the mangled poet's limbs!"

Penelope hoped she was not much alarmed.

"Alarmed, child!" cried Mrs. Pawlet; "exceedingly! and as soon as I could, ran away at full speed. Demosthenes, Horace, Cicero, were all cowards, Mr. Temple," said she; and shall I be ashamed of being one also! I glory in it.

He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.

And believe me, sir, that Xenophon, tho' otherwise a writer I much admire, was a fool, when he affirmed, that "*those who fly are sooner killed than those who stay.*"

"Your interpretation is ingenious," said our hero, "but with deference to your opinion, Madam, I conceive Xenophon's sense to be this, "*Those who cowardly retreat are more likely to be slain than those who boldly fight it out.*"

"Right, sir," she rejoined; "you are undoubtedly right, Mr. Temple; but in construing it as I did, it must be owned that I merely followed a very prevailing custom. I turned it so as to answer my purpose."

Here her face assumed a pedantic grin, and she was going to enter into a long detail of the manner in which the Jews interpreted the Bible to answer their own ends, when the servant came in to inform the parson that a poor woman who was almost dying, wished for his assistance. His humanity never slumbered; and though he had to cross the hills in not the most agreeable weather, he cheerfully obeyed the summons. Barclay offered to accompany him, but was pleased to hear the worthy parson say: "No, no; you remain here, and entertain the ladies. By the time I return, I expect you will have made great progress in the view you took before dinner. You furnish Mr. Temple with paper, Pen; and learn all you can of him."

"Yes, sir; that I will!" replied Penelope,

following the parson out of the room to fetch a sheet of drawing paper, pencils, India rubber, and other necessary articles to begin the operation.

During their absence, Mrs. Pawlet being inquisitive to know what they were going to do, Barclay informed her that he had studied drawing in the University at his leisure hours, and that he had taken a view from the church to oblige Miss Penelope to whom he should be happy to afford the instruction in his power. She admired his taste for the polite arts; and talked some minutes after Penelope's return, of their origin and progress, till finding she could not proceed any further, she left on young friends to pursue their drawing, and retired to a distant part of the room, "to endeavour," as she said, "to recollect those scattered reflections which the villains had deprived her of by stealing her memorandum-book."

Assisted by the remarks and recollection of Penelope, Barclay continued his work. Their delight was mutual. As the object grew into life upon the paper, Penelope exulted; and Barclay, in his turn, exulted at being the cause of pleasure in her loved. Indeed, if there be one happiness greater than another, it is that which is felt!

Yet amidst their felicity would a sigh sometimes escape them; but it was a sigh occasioned by the excess of pleasure, lasting for its duration.

They enjoyed the interval of the parson's absence with exquisite zest; and on his return, it being supper time, they supped; and afterwards, as it will happen in the best regulated families, they went to bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY

Essays on Music.

NUMBER II.

IN my Essay, No. I. I considered the science of Music, as extensive, and comprehending, in a degree, almost every thing of the science. I shall in this number, consider it as copious, as abounding with rich variety. And this indeed has, in a degree, been already anticipated: For, the extensiveness of the art shows, in part, its copiousness.

Great attention has been paid to the science of Music, for many centuries past, and great improvements have been made. The most innumerable are the volumes which

have been written on this science; and immense quantities of Music have been produced. An attempt to give a just and full description of these publications, in a course of short essays, would be fruitless; for a catalogue of them would fill many volumes.

Thousands in different ages of the world, who were possessed of brilliant talents, and of glowing genius, devoted the principal part of life to the study and investigation of the principles of this art.

Many and various treatises have been written by eminent masters. Excellent systems have been formed by their laborious applications and preserving diligence. These systems contain pertinent and useful rules for the variation and extension of sounds, in beautiful and pleasing melodies; for the union and combination of different sounds in rich and sublime harmonies; and, for the modulation and arrangement of the melodies and harmonies, in a manner at once entertaining and delightful. Music composed according to a taste which has been formed upon such principles, and duly executed, has a powerful effect upon the mind, and will naturally enliven and animate the soul, elevate and transport the affections; and excite solemn and sublime devotion.

Notwithstanding the numberless compositions of past ages; yet, the fountain is not exhausted, nor are the streams dried. The eminent masters of the present age, have already produced many excellent new melodies and harmonies. And, so copious is the subject, that, should we suppose thousands employed in composition, and fixed in a separate situation till each had written a large volume; and should they then be collected, and every piece be compared,—the probability is, that, not two out of the whole, could be found, which would bear such a resemblance to each other, as that they could with propriety, be called one and the same tune.

Such is the abundance and fullness of Music, that finite creatures can never exhaust its sources, fathom its depths, or surpass its utmost limits.

PYTHAGORICUS.

VOLTAIRE.

WHEN a candle burns and gives light to a house, many wonderful things contribute to the phenomenon:—The fat of the animal is the work of the Creator, or the wax of the bee is made by his teaching; the wick is from the vegetable wool of a singular exotic tree, much labour of man is con-

cerned in the composition, and the elements that inflame it, are those by which the world is governed. But after all this apparatus, a child, or a fool, may put it out; and then boast that the family are left in darkness, and are running against one another. Such is the mighty achievement of Mr. Voltaire as to religion; but with this difference, that what is *real darkness* is by him called *illumination*,—and there is no other between the two cases.

SINGULAR TREE.

Dimensions of a Fir Tree, called the "DUKE," lately cut down in his Grace the Duke of Gordon's wood, of Glenmore, by the Kingston Port Company:

Length in bole 52 feet	Cubic Feet
Measured at 9 feet from the root,	
39 1-4 inches square, is	90 3-4
Do. at 33 feet from do. 28 1-4 do.	182 1-4
Do. at 42 feet, 19 do.	25
Do. one branch, 15 by 19 inches square	37 1-2
Do. do. 12 by 14 do.	16 1-2

352 feet
or 9 tons, at 5l. per ton, is 45l. The tree was 270 years old, was perfectly sound, except a little at the top end, and at the small end of the branches. The tree was cut down in three hours, by two Highland lads of 18 year of age.

CURIOUS MISTAKE IN ORTHOGRAPHY.

An honest tradesman not very well versed in the belles lettres, however he might be in the leger, was found, by his friend, giving orders to the workman to build a large stable, or rather house, comprising a single room, much larger than the whole tenement, which was but a small, that he himself occupied. Astonished at this singular act, he asked the worthy shopkeeper what his reasons were for building a place so large, or whether he meant it for a theatre? "So you really can't guess my intentions?" said the man of weights and measure: "He, he! how I shall but surprise you—look ye here," said he, with an arch and significant contraction of the physiognomy, and producing a letter—"Here it is, in black and white, signed and seal—you must know, Sir, I sent to my friend, in London, a hare and a brace of partridges, last week, and I am to receive an elephant in return, he writes me word, and this is to be his stable!" How great was his mortification, on being told, that it was an *equivalent*; a barrel of oysters, or some such thing, and not a elephant that he was to expect. The

menagerie was instantly pulled down, by the disappointed tradesman, although nearly completed.

CURIOUS SIGHT AT PALERMO,

AMONG the remarkable objects in the vicinity of Palermo (says SONNINI) pointed out to strangers, they fail not to singularize a convent of Capuchins, at a small distance from town, the beautiful gardens of which serve as a public walk. You are shewed under the fabric a vault, divided into four great galleries, into which the light is admitted by windows cut out at the top of each extremity. In the vault are preserved, not in flesh, but in skin and bone, *all the Capuchins* who have died in the convent since its foundation, as well as the bodies of several persons from the city. There are here private tombs belonging to opulent families, who even after death disdain to be confounded with the vulgar part of mankind. It is said, that in order to secure the preservation of those bodies, they are prepared by being gradually dried below a slow fire, so as to consume the flesh without greatly injuring the skin. When perfectly dry, they are invested with the Capuchin habit, and placed upright on tablets, disposed step above step along the sides of the vault, the heads, the arms, and the feet are left naked. A preservation like this is horrid. The skin discoloured, dry, and as if it had been tanned, nay, torn in some places, is glewed close to the bone. It is easy to imagine, from the different grimaces of this numerous assemblage of fleshless figures, rendered still more frightful by a long beard on the chin, what an hideous spectacle this must exhibit; and whoever has seen a Capuchin alive, may form an idea of this singular REPOSITORY of dead friars.

THE IMAGINATION.

"The human imagination is an amphitheatre on which every thing in life, good or bad, great or mean, is acted. In children and persons of frivolous mind it is a mere toy-shop, and in some who exercise their memory without their judgment, its furniture is made up of old scraps of knowledge that are thread-bare and worn-out. In some this theatre is occupied by superstition with all her train of gorgons and chimeras dire: sometimes haunted by infernal demons, and made the forge of plots, rapine and murder: here too the furies act their part, taking a secret but severe vengeance of the self-condemned criminal."—Dr. Read.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A Hint to Orators.

IT is not with a view to criticise on those whose province it is to address the public; but to endeavour to rectify a mistaken mode which is too generally adopted by persons who deliver their sentiments in public, either at the bar, or from the pulpit. I have frequently witnessed, to my great mortification, an excellent subject, stript of its greatest energy, and robbed of its beauties, by an unmeaning pathos, and a declamatory stile of expression: and altho' I must do that justice to the gentlemen of the Bar of Philadelphia, to acknowledge, that the generality of the speakers there, deserve much credit for the propriety of their mode of speaking; yet some among them are not entirely free from that ridiculous custom of inflating, and emphaticising every word, to the total subversion of that most important distinction which a well-placed emphasis is calculated to display. In a monotony of sounds, the spirit and beauty of any language is lost; and in none more so perhaps, than the English language, where the cadence is almost as necessary to be observed as in music. But another thing no less necessary to be observed than this, is, to give the *emphatical* word its due weight; without which the nerve of the language is totally destroyed, and the oration becomes one insipid jargon of inanimate and lifeless sounds.—But how can this possibly be accomplished, while the speaker's lungs are constantly distended to their utmost stretch?—they may rant indeed; but this is not oratory, it is properly speaking, vociferation.

I have too often witnessed this mode of speaking from the pulpit, which in my opinion is prejudicial both to the speaker and hearer, and for which I can find no excuse but an over-strained zeal. But what a pity it is, that men who are truly zealous, should not study that mode of speaking which is best calculated to give the desired effect to their sentiments.—This mode of speaking is in my opinion always injurious to the cause in which it is employed, and ought never to be resorted to, except when speaking out of doors to a large concourse of people; then only is it necessary; and nothing but necessity can render it justifiable.—It has been a maxim laid down by all the writers on Oratory, that it is only necessary to speak loud enough for the whole company to hear distinctly all that is spoken: and it will be found, that when the speaker's voice is higher than this necessary

tone, (except in emphatical words and sentences) it will, to a good ear, be as grating as an instrument out of tune. It may stun the ears of some, and affect the nerves of others; but it is only when zeal and rationality go hand in hand, that a lasting impression is left on the mind by the speaker.—An inflated speech is like an inflated bladder, which as soon as the contents are discharged they evaporate, and no trace of them remains, nor any remembrance, but the noise of its explosion when it burst.—Altho' we that are now living have never heard the apostles speak, who were, perhaps, some of the best natural orators that ever spoke, yet I conceive it is not very difficult, to an attentive reader, to discover, from the nature of their discourse, the manner or mode in which it was delivered. In the Acts of the Apostles I can discover but two instances which have the appearance of a declamatory stile; and these were rendered necessary from the circumstances of the cases; being in a tumultuous assembly, and out of doors.—One occurs in the 3d chapter, when Peter addresses the people who had all run together with wonder and amazement to see the miracle he had wrought. The other occurs in the 17th chapter, when Paul stood in the midst of Mars-hill and addressed the men of Athens. In both of these instances we may readily see the absolute necessity of speaking in a loud and declamatory stile. But trace them in their addresses generally, and we shall see them cool, tho' zealous, deliberate, and rationally temperate in all their expressions; so much so, that it is said of Paul when at Corinth, that "he reasoned in the Synagogue every Sabbath day, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks."

It will be said by some, that very loud speaking makes a greater impression on the hearers. I admit it; but what kind of an impression does it make? It makes the same kind of impression that the braying of an ass would, close to a person's ear. It neither informs the understanding nor affects the heart; but its force is felt on the nerves only, and when these have recovered the shock, the impression is gone.

I have thrown these cursory hints together merely to provoke a discussion of this important subject; hoping it may be taken up in a serious way by those who are better acquainted with the subject. I solemnly declare, I have no other object in view than the improvement of my fellow creatures in the use of one of the greatest gifts the All-Wise CREATOR has bestowed on his creature, man. W.

AN ANCIENT AND CURIOUS
EPITAPHIUM CHEMICUM.

[From a correspondent.]

HERE lieth to digest, macerate and amel-
gumate with clay,
In Balneo Arenæ,
Stratum super Stratum,
The Residuum, Terra damnata, and Caput
Mortuum,
Of BOYLE GODFREY, Chemist,
and M. D.

A man who in this earthly Laboratory,
Pursued various Processes to obtain
Arcanum Vitæ,
Or the secret to live:
Also, Aurum Vitæ,
Or the art of getting, rather than making
Gold.

Alchemist like,
All his labour and Projection,
As Mercury in the fire, evaporated in Fume,
When he dissolved to his first Principles,
He departed as poor

As the last drops of an Alembic;
For Riches are not poured
On the Adepts of this world.
"Not Solar in his purse,
"Neither Lunar in disposition,
"Nor Jovial in his Temperament;
"Being of a Saturnine habit,
"Venerat Conflicts had left him,
"And Martial ones he disliked.
"With nothing Saline in his Composition
"All Salts, but two, were his Nostrums—
"The Attic, he did not know;
"And that of the Earth, he thought not
Essential;

"Perhaps his, had lost it's Savour.
Though fond of News he carefully avoided
The "Detonation, Effervescence,
Fermentation, and Decrepitation of Life.
Full seventy Years his exalted Essence
Was hermetically sealed in its Terrenne Ma-
trass,

But the radical Moisture being Exhausted,
The Elixer Vitæ spent,
"Inspissated," and Exiccated to a Cuticle,
He could not suspend longer in his Vehicle,
But precipitated gradatim,
per Campanam,
To his Original Dust.

May that light, brighter than Bolognian
Phosphorus,
Preserve him from the "Incineration and
"Concremation,"
Empyreuma, "Sulphur rivum, and eternal
Caustics"
Of the Athanor, and Reverberatory Furnace
of the other world.
Depurate him, like "Tartarus Regeneratus,
from the Fæces and Scoria of this.

Highly rectify, and volatilize his aetherial Spirit.

Bring it over the Helm of the Retort of this Globe,

Place it in a proper Recipient
Or Crystalline Orb,

Among the elect of the Flowers of Benjamin,
never to be Saturated,

Until the general Resuscitation,
Deflagration, and Calcination of all things:

"When all the Reguline Parts

"Of his comminuted Substance

"Shall be again concentrated,

"Revivified, Alcholyzed,

"And imbibe it's pristine Archeus;

"Undergo a new Transmutation,

"Eternal Fixation,

"And combination to it's former Aura;

"The new Magma Coated over,

"In coverings more fair than the Magistery
of Bismuth,

"More sparkling than Cinabar, or Aurum
Mosaicum;

"And being found Proof Spirit,

"Then to be exalted, and sublimed for ever,

"Into the concave Dome

"Of the highest Atudel Paradise."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

IN my first address, I requested information from some of your correspondents concerning the criminality of playing at Billiards, under particular circumstances; which was mangled by J. I. H.: my answer to him you have, which, if you please, I would thank you so insert.* In your last number, our friend G. has taken up the subject, and some of his assertions I shall now endeavour to answer.

In the first place, then, he asserts, "that there is not a single game played at Billiards, but there is money lost or won." I deny the charge.—We own that the loser pays for the table, but I would wish Mr. G. to point out where it is that money is won, when no money is played for; this certainly is a paradox. Besides, Sir, Mr. G. expects to take the necessary recreations of life, and indeed, whatever pleasure he pleases, without expending a single cent;—but as he has exposed his miserly disposition, and endeavoured to support it by asserting that it is a crime to expend a single

* This is not necessary, as most of the writer's remarks in his reply to J. I. H. were anticipated by G. in the last number. Ed.

cent on any amusement whatever, I hope he will not think that every person is of the same close-fisted disposition as himself. I ask, Sir, how are we to enjoy any pleasures without expecting to pay for them; it would be but a sorry life indeed, if whenever we expended a cent in any pleasure, we should be conscious that we were sinning. Besides, Sir, he still asserts, that money is at stake, even if no wager is depending—The man must certainly be crack'd. I ask, Sir, how can money be at stake, when no bargain whatever is made among the parties? when the pay for the table is stationary, and always goes to the keeper of the table? and when the parties can derive no possible advantage from playing the game? And even the paltry sum of 6 cents, which is to be paid to the game-keeper, he asserts is gambling;—with the same propriety might he also assert, that the 11d. he pays his barber is gambling, because he might perform the barber's office himself, and thereby throw by a few more cents to rust. I think if I can convince him of this important piece of economy, it will be of service to him. But to proceed; he asserts that the crime is the same, whether playing for nothing, (for I have shewn that the pay for the table is never played for) or whether the sum be ever so great—I would thank the gentleman to solve this enigma, whenever he can spare an idle hour from contemplating his rusty farthings.

Mr. G. asserts, that the greatest part of its votaries are persons of loose morals, but forgets to mention, that persons, that tho't as much of their morals as the gentleman himself, frequented this manly and elegant amusement; and I would advise Mr. G. to make his own propensity to mix and play with persons of those loose morals, by no means a criterion for judging other people; and think because he does evil, and sins with a high hand, that of course every other person that uses those pleasures moderately, act precisely in the same manner that he does.

You perhaps may think, Sir, that I act inconsistent with my first promise that I made, of drawing an impartial conclusion from the opinions of your correspondents; but, I beg Sir, you will not think that I should put that promise into execution as long as we have such weak arguments as we have had already. But you may depend, Sir, I will do it the moment that arguments are advanced that can bear examination,—until when, I am,

Your's,

TEN LOVE.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Camp of Venus, March 1, 1802.

GENERAL ORDERS.

WHEREAS, the province of Fashion, belonging to our royal demesne, being at this time invaded by our mortal enemies the Wantons*, who having stormed the fort of Modesty, and trodden under foot the standard of Shame, have erected on its ruins the banners of Impudence,—and searing our holy temple of Chastity may be razed to the level of Lewdness, and understanding that General Nakedness† having broken his neutrality, and gone over to the enemy, and that he has erected in many parts of the country such enormous Breast-works‡ as was never before seen—we command all our forces to parade immediately, properly armed and accoutred, with squibs, pasquinades, &c. and to cut, fell, root out, and destroy the said Breast-works, and to annoy the enemy as much as possible—Should that immodest general sound a retreat, we command our band called the Bashfuls, to pursue him to capitulation, and that he be banished to the desert of Darkness, and be kept confined to the chamber of Matrimony.§

CUPID, Generalissimo.

SANCHO, Secretary.

* Alluding to the present wanton dress of many young ladies.

† Naked breasts are now the rage.

‡ False breasts!—Tea Cups! &c.

§ A place we are much afraid our fashionable belles will be debarred from, by a premature exhibition of those charms which nature, intend'd never to be exposed any where else. By this mistaken conduct many young ladies are fast sinking themselves in the esteem of the other sex.

THE PHILOSOPHER

WHO fancies he has sufficient strength in the energies of his own mind, for every occasion of life, will find, some time or other, that he is woefully mistaken. Common occurrences and events may pass over without notice, and the regulations of human wisdom and prudence have their accustomed success: but this is owing to the very nature of wisdom and prudence, they being emanations of the Divine Attributes; and good as naturally flows from them as mischief and sorrow from evil. The philosopher may also triumph over adverse fortune, pain, and sickness; but it is merely a strenuous and constant effort with calamity: whilst, on the other hand, Religion teaches us to bend to the stroke, and to submit with cheerful resignation, with the additional comfort of looking forward to

a better world. The philosopher of the present day is a poor forlorn being, who enquires after demonstration till he wastes away a whole life without hope, and dies after all in fear and doubt.

By them every event is ascribed to its next immediate cause; they search no further; they do not consider that wisdom and prudence are the engines of Providence, placed in the mind of man for his preservation and happiness, and are derived from the first law of nature to serve his general purposes; but in the great events of life the superior management of Providence becomes visible, clearing away difficulty, turning disappointment to success, and making all things possible. But the modern philosopher is as ignorant of this intervention as the sailor, who, when his messmate returned thanks to God after the hearty meal they had just had, replied, "Thank God! for what? Is't it our allowance?" It is the same species of insensibility that makes us so often cry out in adversity, what shall I do? I am ruined for ever! nothing can save me! And in prosperity exclaim, How lucky! how fortunate! how well contrived!—till, perhaps, a few day's experience convinces us of the kindness of Providence in having sent adversity, and the folly of our conclusions on what appeared like prosperity.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

*But with the friends of vice, the foes of satire,
All truth is spleen: all just reproof ill-nature.*

POPE.

Well may I exclaim in the language of the astonished Hamlet, to Senex, and *An Old Dancer*—

"Angels, and ministers of grace defend me;
Are you spirits of gall, or goblins damn'd?"

BUT a truce most powerful opponents! let me engage you in rotation, and let me give each the tribute of my regret, for his dullness and vapidty. Hence, as I like to render unto Cesar the things which are Cesar's, I readily commence my scrutiny on the detached, and spiritless paragraphs of *Senex*, who first approaches, grey-headed, eager, and hot for combat. It is lamentably true, that prejudice strengthens with old age, and those pretended monitors of morality, never tender their snarling, and unnecessary reproofs against innocent pleasures, till time hath set his seal on the powers of gratification, and they behold in themselves with regret, the influence of desire, without the privilege of enjoyment.—Is it not then envious inconsistency to rail at those very amusements, which in their youth they gladly participated? This I am afraid is the un-

fortunate condition of *old Senex*. But gentle reader, he hath told you, I have concealed a *quantum sufficit* of libertinism under the specious garb of my stile—Open your eyes, I pry'thee *Senex*, & examine again, if perchance your perceptive powers are not robbed in darkness, and you will find, the only proposition I endeavoured to establish was, that the rational amusements of music, dancing and theatres, might be attended without impairing virtue, or ruining interest. The occasional abuse of a thing is no argument against the use of it. Would you say that attention to dancing, music, and theatres was criminal, and ought to be abolished, because one man neglected his business, another became crazy by music, or a third chose to grasp at the *Sock and Buskin*? As well might you say the practice of Law, Physic, and Divinity was criminal, because some lawyers have been rogues, some pretended doctors proved quacks, and some "rakes at heart," have cloaked themselves in the outward garb of divinity. But *Senex*, in the plenitude of his accurate apprehension, hath chosen to set down Billiards to my account, and yet asserts "that truth is mighty"—How discordant doth his example sound with his precept. Again he says, I recommend bodily exertion, for removing corporal fatigue. "How mighty is truth." However, this mistake may have originated from the novelty of his metaphysical knowledge, by which he assimilates the existence of spirit and matter—Farewell! thou *Censor morum* of the age, I hasten to analyse the crude production of *An Old Dancer*.

"Each songster, riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
All crowd whose foremost shall be damn'd to fame;
Some strain in rhyme, the muses on their racks
Scream like the winding of ten thousand Jacks."

In our common intercourse with mankind, it is no uncommon spectacle, to meet with those, who arraign indiscretion, and cry down vice in theory, but unhappily, in their over-ardent solicitude for others' welfare, neglect the preservation of their own characters from rightful imputations of guilt. Hence, it is not to be wondered that *An Old Dancer*, in the laudable exertions of reprehending the harshness of my stile towards O*****, descends from the manly & respectable ground of controversy, to the indecorous and uncivil refuge of scurrility. This is a novel improvement in example, for the support of precept, with a vengeance. Silence, although a powerful advocate for moderation, and abstraction from turbulence, is not always requisite. A total indifference to the unruly attack of prejudice, is incompatible often with philosophical stoicism, or the calm temper of peace. It is

necessary, therefore, in many cases, to dispense with the phlegmatic dictates of patience, and deign even to answer an infuriated opponent. In the pursuit of my present object, I hope I shall make no indiscreet or vague assertion, unfounded in fact, or endeavour to anticipate the motives of my opponent, as arising from interest to his profession. These I consider as unnecessary and distinct as to the present argument, and ungenerous and reprehensible as to the writer. In the first place, permit me to observe, that *An Old Dancer* has egregiously distorted my application of vicissitudes of human conduct, to dancing—It was only noted as an occasional consequence of indiscretion produced from amusement, not as a principle. This is not however a sufficient argument of the necessity of abandoning amusement, because limited indiscretion sometimes occur. Again he says, "I have endeavoured to enlist the female sex on my side by a clumsy fulshood, and that he hath not been able to discover the invectives of O***** towards them."—Is it any fault of mine that in reading, he cannot discover things incontrovertibly true; or that in writing, he cannot express his ideas without insulting every rule of propriety? Instead of barking in future against innocent amusements, one of which he acknowledges to have participated in, let him study Murray, and correct his perception at the pages of Watts. My opponent requires proof "that visiting the ball-room, the theatre, and the concert, are no kinds of obstacles to the attainment of other beneficial accomplishments." By beneficial accomplishments, I presume he means the habitual attainment of justice, honour, benevolence, &c. and of consequence, as these require, according to his own assertion, very little application, it follows then that these are not obstacles. But even if I admit that they are some kind of obstacles, it does not follow that they are material, lasting, or irremediable. My opponent is further mistaken in asserting, "that a knowledge of music is only to be acquired by neglecting in a measure every other pursuit in which youth ought to be engaged, in this season of life."—To gain a sufficient information for private persons, so as to afford pleasure to themselves, it is generally allowed that it only requires one hour's practice every day, Sunday excepted. Surely then it will not be denied that there is sufficient time to exercise moral duties, which are acquired by habit, and not intense application. And lastly, my opponent wishes me to identify the single instance of a lady who attended to the foregoing amusement, and neglected not the

requisite solicitude towards domestic concerns. To this demand it gratifies me exceedingly, to assert, not from a blind partiality to amusement, not from any apathy towards moral obligation, nor from prejudiced admiration of the female character and propensities, that as far as an individual can gather information, I have observed, in general, an attainment of the preceding qualifications, without subverting the necessity of watchfulness to domestic concerns.—On the whole, in endeavouring to rectify error in any doctrine, it is necessary to prove that alteration embraces amendment, obliterates prior disadvantages, and that the improvement will be as lasting, as it is more important. If, however, the rage of reformation hurries Prudence for a season into the wiles of fascination, without securing utility, it is certainly just to deny countenance to the visionary schemes of Platonic innovators, and upon better judgment coincide with strict morality, that does exclude pleasure, when it is not incompatible with virtue.

FRANK LIBERAL.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

LYRIC ODE

TO THE MORALIZERS.

PRAY all ye disputers why keep such a pothor,
'Bout Billiards and Dancing, and Balls and such stuff?
There's *Senex* and *G.*, *Vorus* and another,
I'm sure in all conscience they have each wrote enough.

'Tis not strange d'ye see, Sir, that *old men* find harm in
Those pastimes, that *Franky* so innocent calls;
They, once themselves did, no doubt, think it was
charming

To fiddle and foot it, and caper at *Balls*.

Friend *J. I. H.* tells us, that *Music*'s the key, Sir,
To gain a sure entrance to heaven's high court,
And that we must *learn* it below, d'ye see, Sir,
For none are admitted who don't love the sport.

But *Ten Love* confesses he thinks there's no sin in
Our spending at *Billiards* a few *idle hours*,
Provided we are not *with hope flush'd* of winning,—
To be disappointed, good tempers oft sours.

G. wisely hath prov'd that we *Billiards* can't play
Without winning or losing sixpence or so;
And this if repeated an hour every day,
Will soon drain our pockets and purses full low.

Then throw by at once all your *fiddles* and *maces*,
And listen to *Senex*'s wisdom sublime;
Go perfect yourselves in *Belles lettres* and *graces*,
And spend with the ladies your *whole leisure time*.

PHILAMOR.

A HINT TO THE LADIES.

THE Spanish ladies veil their faces,
So modest all their notions are;
But here we see the *native graces*,
Thin drapery and *limbs bare*. SNIP.

ANTIDILUVIAN FECUNDITY REVIVED!

There was living in the year 1782, a Russian peasant of the name of Theodore Basilly, 75 years of age, who had the very extraordinary number of 87 children, by 2 wives, viz.—By his first wife, at 4 births, 4 at each time; 7 births, 3 each time; and at 16 births, 2 each time; in all 69.—By his second wife, at 2 births, 3 each time; and at 6 births, 2 each time; in all, 18.—Total 87.

PHILADELPHIA,

MARCH 13, 1802.

☞ The WISH, a song Set to Music by Mr. JOHN I. HAWKINS of this City, was intended to accompany the present number; but an unforeseen circumstance prevented it. Next week, however, it may be expected.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

COMMUNICATION.

"Tis education forms the tender mind;

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd."

ON Monday Evening last, a numerous and very respectable assembly of Ladies and Gentlemen were highly entertained, by the Pupils of the Young Ladies' Academy, in the Northern Liberties, under the superintendence of Mr. William Moulder.

The performances were preceded by an appropriate prayer, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, of the University.

The various pieces, which were of a pleasing, moral and impressive nature, judiciously selected by the Principal, were handsomely spoken by the scholars.

A band of music, which attended, occasionally relieved the pupils and the audience, by well adapted airs and overtures.

The Tuesday preceding the exhibition, an examination of the School took place, when the several Gentlemen who attended, expressed the greatest satisfaction in the proficiency the Young Ladies had made in penmanship, arithmetic, reading, book-keeping, English grammar, &c. and added their testimonial of respect for the ability and persevering industry of their worthy Instructor.

"Many daughters have done virtuously"—and those of Mr. Moulder's Academy may be classed among others, in our large metropolis, as deserving at least the same just tribute of unsolicited praise.

Much merit is certainly attached to all those gentlemen of character, who in this city and elsewhere, are devoting their time and talents in teaching

"The young idea how to shoot."

Marriages.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Ustick, Mr. Nathan Taylor, to Miss Susan Massy.

—At Yorktown, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cathcart, Mr. Robert Andrews, of Bordeaux, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Neill, daughter of Mr. Thomas Neill, of that place.

DEATHS.

Deaths.

DIED...In this City....On the 6th inst. Mr. Jacob Cline, *Æt.* 72.

—At New-York, on the 6th inst. Mr. John Ward Fenno, formerly of this city, of a consumption.—The deceased was a young gentleman of a luxuriant mind, manly principles, and an unimpeached integrity....On the 8th, Miss Betsey Grimes, late of this city.

—At Albany, Luther Trowbridge, Esq.—At the age of eighteen this gentleman first commenced his military career in the arduous conflict of Bunker's Hill—he was with Arnold, in the memorable march to Quebec—in all the battles with Burgoyne—with Sullivan in the western expedition; and under the banners of Washington, at York-Town.

—At his seat on Fair Forest, Union district, (S. C.) on the 5th ult. General Thomas Brandon, *Æt.* 60.

—At London, on the 28th December, Capt. Richard Lane, *Æt.* 33, commander of the ship Neptune, of New-York.

—At Burlington, (N. J.) on the 27th ult. Mr. Robert Hutchings, student of the Academy in that city, *Æt.* 17.

—At Washington, on the 2d inst. Mrs. Jones, wife of Mr. Edward Jones, principal clerk in the Treasury department.

—At Handley, in Middlesex, (Eng.) Mrs. CHAPONE, justly celebrated for the useful and instructive exercise of her great and brilliant talents.

—At Senegal, on the coast of Africa, on the 12th of November, after a short illness, Jonathan D. Clement, of New-York, *Æt.* 21.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Eugenio," will claim the earliest attention. "The Commentator," & "Lines to Amyntor," in our next. "V." is evidently a young writer,—his tautology is conspicuous. But as a leading feature in our plan is to encourage youthful genius, if he will permit a few corrections, his essay shall appear. "A Singular Character," is now so far out of date, that it would in a great measure fail to interest. The writer however has our thanks, and his future communications will we hope be acceptable. Several articles came too late for examination, and others we must postpone noticing till next week.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET TO MORPHEUS.

".....O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse!....."

SHAKESPEARE.

THY sable mantle lightly o'er me spread,
Thou gloomy god! tho' cheerful yet with-
all;

Come then invok'd! haste! haste thee at
my call:

Strew magic-down profusely round my head.

"Where fortune smiles" 'tis there thou lov'st
to pour

Thy opiate juice, distill'd from heav'nly
plant!

But to the sorrowing heart thou wilt not
grant

One moment's respite from the weary hour.

The captive us'd to drag grim bondage' chain,
At thy behest, in bow'rs of chaos-thought
Luxuriant revels, sets despair at nought,
And dreams he sees fair liberty again.

To realms of fancy quick my thoughts con-
vey.

There let me riot ev'ry care away.

EUGENIO.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

INVOCATION TO FORTUNE.

MAY Fortune prove propitious to my
pray'r,

And grant, to soothe the sorrows of my
heart,

The balm of friendship, cure for every care,
That baffles all the various pow'rs of art.

May she bestow the "first best gift of
heav'n."

And to my aid in smiling form descend;
Waft on the sweetly fragrant gales of even,
The soothing voice of comfort from a
friend.

What tho' the proud censorious world de-
spise,

The humble garb and unambitious lays;
The soul secure in conscious worth, defies
The sneer of pride, and envy's scornful
gaze.

In sweet content may all my days be past,
And o'er my head may Peace her wings
extend;

May fortune shield me from keen misery's
blast,

And bless my wishes with a trusty friend.

I ask not affluence, nor pomp, nor pow'r—
Wealth is productive of corroding care,
Pomp ne'er will lead me to Content's soft
bow'r,

Nor pow'r bestow a bliss I wish to share.

Let others toil for opulence or fame,

And for the plaudits of the world contend;
Ne'er may my cheeks disclose the blush of
shame,

Nor my misconduct wound an honest
friend.

Upon the world's great stage I'll act my
part,

Nor cringe to power, nor bend to haugh-
ty wealth;

Proud that I have to boast an honest heart,
My riches, innocence content and health.

The insults of the proud I'll still endure,
Studios to please, and fearful to offend;
For all the ills of life I'll find a cure,
Within the bosom of a faithful friend.

Pleasure displays her many-colour'd wand,
To lure me from the paths of conscious
truth;

In vain she beckons with her winning hand,
And smiles with all the artlessness of youth.

I see the fiend beneath the fair disguise,
And will not on her specious vows depend;
From her attractive form revert my eyes,
And find in Virtue an unfailing friend.

Thus through the world I hold my onward
way,

Thro' these dark regions to eternal light;
Religion's hand shall cast a brilliant ray
Of joyful sunshine, to illumine the night.

When life's tempestuous seasons all are o'er,
And my glad spirit shall to heav'n ascend,
I'll leave with joy this ever-changeable shore,
To find in death the solace of a FRIEND.

LORENZO.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE WAR HORSE.

FROM JOB.

THEN thus, to Job, the Great JEHOVAH
said,

While trembling Job a strict attention paid:
"Hast thou the horse with matchless power
made?"

Hast thou his neck with thunders dire ar-
ray'd?

Say, can'st thou make the swift-heel'd cour-
ser fear

The trump of war, or fly the threat'ning
spear?

See from his nostrils spreads the cloud a-
round,

While in his rage he spurns the trembling
ground:

Behold, he glories in his matchless might,
Panting with rage he hastens to the fight;
He mocks at danger, ev'ry fear he scorns,
Nor from the terrors of the battle turns.

When show'rs of darts around him form a
shade,

Shields, spears, and quivers rattle 'round
his head,

His dauntless breast is stranger to all
dread;

He stamps, he foams, he bounds along the
plain,

While o'er his shoulders flies his waving
mane.

Behold he scorns the trumpet's clanging
sound,

And fearless hears the din of war resound;
He smells, he hears the battle from afar,
The groans, the shouts, the clanging noise
of war;

The sound of arms, the brazen trumpets'
roar

Which fill the air, and rock the echoing
shore."

CARLOS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

YE flashy Belles, ye beauties of the day,
To you the lowliest bard presents a lay:
Though poor his verse, do not the theme despise,
Since truth is sacred in whatever guise.
Why will you thus pursue the mad career
Of mazy Fashion's every-varying sphere?
Why will you yield to its capricious sway?—
The silly changing tyrant of the day.
Can only fashion constitute a grace?
To it must taste and usefulness give place?
Ah! dare be free, and break the silken chain;
Let use and elegance their place regain.
Were your ambition, now to dress confin'd,
Drawn forth to form the graces of the mind;
To rear those tender virtues than can cheer
The social home, and make life doubly dear;
Ah! how much sweeter would your moments roll!
How much more fit for an immortal soul!
Beaux, fops and fools your conduct would despise;
But you would gain the plaudits of the wise.
Bless'd, as ye are, with charms that can impart
The dearest joy, the rapture of the heart;
Charms that can elevate the human mind,
And smoothe the rugged manners of mankind;
That can almost with heav'nly pow'r assuage
Affliction's anguish, and the passions' rage—
These are the gifts of Heav'n,—ah why then fly
To art's poor aid? Can art these charms supply?
Where is the beauty of the flowing hair,
If 'tis supplied by some smart barber's care?
Where are the graces of the blooming cheek,
If there we must in vain for nature seek?
These spurious charms a lustre may impart,
But never, never can affect the heart.

The * QUAKER girl more elegance displays,
Than you in all this artificial blaze:
Her simple dress a chaster taste bespeaks,
And gives a softer beauty to her cheeks.
She, never-changing, wears one artless mode,
Nor bears about of ornaments a load:
Tho' plain yet elegant, tho' neat not fine,
A chaste simplicity is her design.
Her hair untortur'd by a barber's care,
To make her seem more lovely or more fair;
But down her back the easy tresses fall,
Or plac'd with simple grace beneath herawl.
Her gown of tawdry colours not profuse,
Yet taste displays, altho' combin'd with ease:
Her bonnet too no needless ribbands bears,
But ev'ry where simplicity appears.
No borrow'd graces, and no art's deceit,
And if she boasts not beauty, yet she's neat—
A neatness which has charms that far excel
The finest full-dress of the finest belle.
If beauty too irradiate her face,
Her neat apparel heightens ever face.
Nature in all its charms unforc'd displays,
Which shine with more attractive, tho' less glaring rays.

CLIQ.

* The author assures the reader that he is not a
Quaker, tho' he admires their simplicity of dress.